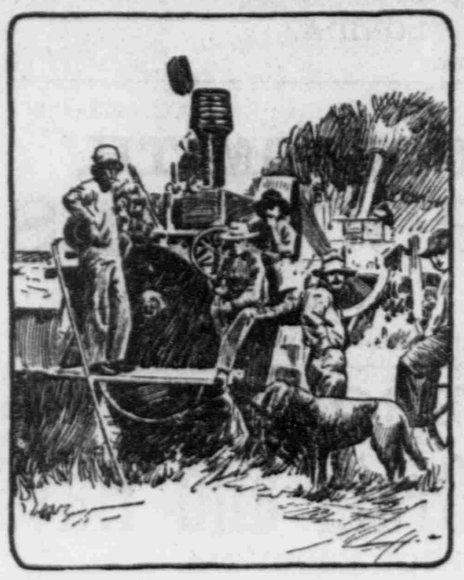
HARVESTING WHEAT IN KANSAS.

The Present Yield the Largest Ever Produced In Any Year.

Special correspondence of The Florida Star.

TOPEKA, Aug. 20.—Over 78,000,000 bushels of the golden grain have within the past few weeks been garnered into the granaries of Kansas. This it is positively asserted, and I see all around me ample evidences of the truth of the assertion, is the largest crop of wheat ever grown in any year in any American state. As the harvest is now over the figures may be accepted as substantially correct. The great warehouses which loom up at nearly every station and siding on the



THRASHER AT WORK IN KANSAS WHEATFIELD

railroads that cross the prairies are literally filled to overflowing, and it has been found necessary to begin the movement of grain toward the markets earlier than usual in order to provide storage for the immense yield. Some idea of the magnitude of the crop may be obtained from the statement that this commonwealth alone will furnish about one twenty-fifth part of the entire world's annual product of wheat. According to reports of the agricultural department the world's wheat crop in 1898 was in round numbers 2,500,000,000 bushels of 60 pounds. This was the largest harvest ever garnered, nearly every wheat growing country having a full crop. While no figures are yet obtainable as to the world's total output this year, the crop reports and predictions indicate that it will fall many million bushels short of that of 1898, as in some wheat countries the crop is almost if not quite a failure. Thus the 78,000,000 bushels of golden grain which Kansas this year lavishly pours into the lap of commerce cuts a conspicuous figure in the great world's staple food supply.

Out in Oklahoma there is another big wheat crop. How many bushels the territory will produce I shall not attempt to say, but it will go a long way into the millions. The quality of both Kansas and Oklahoma wheat this season is unusually good. The berry is firm and hard, and the yield per acre way beyond the average. I have seen large fields that went 40 bushels to the acre and occasionally a patch which produced 45 or 50.

There seems to be in wheat raising something of a fascination for men who have once engaged in it, something akin, I think, to that which gold digging has for the old placer miner. To the onlooker there is certainly a charm and fascination in the great wheatfields rolling in yellow waves awaiting the sickle, and something quite interesting and attractive in the work of harvesting and garnering the grain.

Since the writer was a barefooted boy gathering sheaves and carrying water for the harvesters on a Minnesota wheat farm back in the fifties there has been a wonderful change in the methods of harvesting the grain, though the process of thrashing is about the same as it was then, except that steam is now used instead of horse and the operations are carried on somewhat more extensively. The work in those old harvest days was hard and the hours were long. The same sun was shining then as now, but somehow it seemed to beat down more fiercely then than now. It rose earlier than it should by all rules of astronomy, and set later, and from sun up to sun down the harvest hand followed the reaping machine. It went round and round the field, dropping off the unbound sheaves every few yards. The entire distance was divided into five equal divisions called stations, and a man bound up the sheaves of one station while the reaper was making one entire round, and was ready to go on with the next station as it passed him; or he was supposed to do this, and if he did not he was dismissed in ignominy. He made the band for tying up the sheaf out of the grain itself, making an ingenious though simple knot with a peculiar movement of the hands, drawing it tightly around the bundle and fastening it with a sort of half twist, half knot.

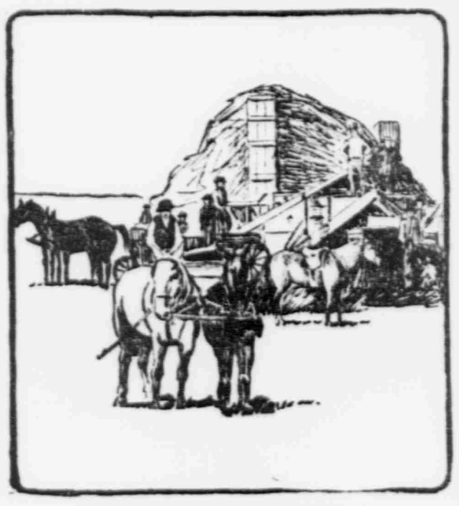
To thus go on endlessly round a field, stooping over every few yards and lifting and tying the heavy bundles of wheat for 12 or 14 hours, with the hot sun beating down from a cloudless sky, was work which well deserved good pay. The man who trudged about setting the sheaves up into shocks of a dozen or 20 each had a task almost as hard, while the luckless boy who gathered the bundles into groups for this man, and whose duties also included looking after the water jug, could often be induced to confide privately to a friend that he should follow some other occupation than wheat growing—a resolution he usually kept.

But the harvest now is quite another thing. The work which in the old days was done by five or six binders is now done by the reaping machine itself. The self binder is now everywhere, but there was no break in its evolution. The old reaper, which came along in the forties, did well enough for about 30 years, but in the seventies it was found wanting and went down before a machine called the harvester. This was essentially a reaper on which two men rode to do the binding up of the sheaves, the time they saved in not having to walk from gavel to gavel enabling the two to do the work of the former five. The grain was brought up to them on an endless apron, and there was a canopy over them for shade. Altogether it was a considerable advance, and cut down the number of men needed, but it did not last long; the automatic machine was in sight; in a few years the self binder came in and the men went out altogether.

The first binders tied up the sheaf with wire, but this was not very satisfactory, and the kind which ties it with manila twine was soon brought out, and is still used. The twine is a little larger than a large round shoestring, and comes in balls as big as one's head. The mechanism of the self binder, though simple, is as ingenious as it well can be. Place the two ends of a string side by side for two or three inches, consider the two as one, and tie them in one common, plain, schoolboy knot, and you have the knot made by the self binder. It is simple, but there is no firmer knot, as you will discover if you pull on your experimental effort. In the binder, as in the old harvester, the grain is brought up on an endless apron. When enough has accumulated for a sheaf a curved iron arm comes over, bringing one end of the twine. This arm presses the grain down and draws the cord tightly. A little thingumbob, like one's thumb and forefinger, seizes both ends of the twine, turns around with an impulsive motion, and in so doing ties the knot, lets go suddenly, a knife cuts the twine, the sheaf is swept off, and the binder calmly waits for enough grain for another. It seldom gets out of order, and the work it does is better than hand work.

The thrashing, which is practically completed hereabout, is an interesting process in the transit of the grain from field to market. Steam power has been substituted almost wholly for the old horse power, in which the horses, ten of them, went round and round, each pair dragging a long sweep behind it. The thrashing machine, or separator as it is called, a great, red, carlike structure, stands perhaps 75 feet from the engine, with which it is connected by a long belt, and is a great skeleton cylinder of iron, covered with steel teeth three or four inches long, which revolve rapidly among a forest of stationary teeth. The grain is fed evenly to this rushing cylinder, and as it is torn through the wilderness of teeth and kernels are loosened from their outside covering—the pericarp—and pass on to the rest of the machinery mixed with the broken and shredded straw and the scattered chaff. This machinery finally separates it with the aid of fans, sieves, shakers and other devices, and it runs out at the side in a clean, steady stream, while the straw and chaff are thrown out behind, making a mountainous, pale yellow pile.

Something like 20 men are required to operate a thrashing outfit, so that more men are needed in the thrashing than in the harvest proper, though it takes only a day or two to thrash the average farmer's grain, so but few machines are needed in a neighborhood. These are usually owned and operated by contractors, who go through the country with their machine and men and do the thrashing at so much per bushel. The price paid in this section is 6 cents a bushel if the thrasher and his men are boarded by the farmer and 7 cents a bushel if board is not supplied. Most of the outfits board themselves, taking along



AN OKLAHOMA STRAW STACK.

with the machine a cook wagon which is practically a house on wheels. There is another class of thrashers who work on the co-operative plan. Neighboring farmers go into a pool and buy a thrashing machine and engine and hire men to run the outfit through the season, each taking his turn at the use of the machine. This saves the profit of the manager of the machine when he runs it as a private institution. SAMUEL HUBBARD.

"My baby was terribly sick with the diarrhoea," says J. H. Doak, of Williams, Oregon. "We were unable to cure him with the doctor's assistance, and as a last resort we tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. I am happy to say it gave immediate relief and a complete cure." For sale by Wilson & Son.

Sensible Advice.

Lord Dundonald's ancestors have been noted for their mechanical genius. One Lord Dundonald it was who successfully engineered the supply of water to Edinburgh from the Pentland hills, and at the inaugural ceremony, when the water began to pour into the reservoir, Lord Dundonald said to an eminent clergyman, "Well, doctor, don't you think that after having made water run up hill I might walk through hades without getting singed?"

To which his reverend friend replied, "Before attempting it, my lord, I think you would do wisely to provide similar waterworks and keeping them playing."

In India, the land of famine, thousands die because they cannot obtain food. In America, the land of plenty many suffer and die because they cannot digest the food they eat. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat. It instantly relieves and radically cures all stomach troubles. Wilson & Son.

"Tanked Up."

We have just been "tanked up" by G. M. Davis & Son, of Palatka, Fla., with an 800 gallon cypress tank.

Messrs. G. M. Davis & Son make a specialty of the manufacture of cypress tanks of all sizes for all purposes. They put in their tanks the very best grades of cypress, which is the only wood adapted for the purpose.

In 1888 they began in a small way by building tanks for irrigating purposes. To meet the increasing demands, they have enlarged their facilities several times and again have found it necessary to enlarge their plant to more than double the capacity of the past in order to supply the increasing demands for their tanks, tubs and vats. They have just moved into their new factory which has a floor space of ten thousand feet. They have also added some of the latest improved machinery which makes it one of the most complete plants of its kind in the United States.

You can have their catalogue for the asking and they will take pleasure in giving you prices on any size tank from 70 to 100, 661 gallons.

Mothers endorse it, children like it, old folks use it. We refer to One Minute Cough Cure. It will quickly cure all throat and lung troubles. Wilson & Son.

The San Jose Herald is one of the oldest papers in California; it is in its forty ninth year.

You ought to know that when suffering from any kidney trouble that a safe, sure remedy is Foley's Kidney Cure. Guaranteed or money refunded. Wilson & Son.

When a man will let a woman hurt him, then he really loves her.

The wolf in the fable put on sheep's clothing because if he traveled on his own reputation he couldn't accomplish his purpose. Counterfeiters of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve couldn't sell their worthless salves on their merits, so they put them in boxes and wrappers like DeWitt's. Look out for them. Take only DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It cures piles and all skin diseases. Wilson & Son.

NOTICE.

To all whom it may concern:

Thirty days after this date I will, on behalf of the state of Florida, execute a tax deed to Jerry Smith for the following described land, to-wit:

Lot 25, Joynerville addition to Titusville, section 3, township 22 south, range 35 east, sold for taxes July 4th, 1898, unless good cause be shown to me on or before September 11th, 1900, why I should not issue said deed.

This August 10th, 1900.

[SEAL CT. CT.] A. A. STEWART.

Clerk of Circuit Court Brevard County, Florida.